

War of Alligance

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Summary: A massive war campaign against the Covenant has been started. Can humanity win in its war on the Covenant? Master Cheif has a cameo. Rated for strong language and very graphic violence please R&R. Chapter 2 is up! Hope you enjoy it!

1. Midnight Massacre

Halo: War of Alligence

I don't own the original idea for Halo. I don't own any of the characters or locations used in the game. They're trademarks of Bungie and Microsoft.

Chapter 1- Midnight Massacre

Planet: Halo

Current Time: 12:45, Eastern Standard Time

Location: Covenant Outpost 4173

Garrison: 15 Grunts, 8 Jackels (on patrol), 1 Hunter

Current Objectives: Patrol area and report any suspicious activity.

Thalus, the lone Hunter at the outpost, growled loudly. "The damn power's out again!". Chearner, the short grunt mechanic, kicked a small mound of dirt. "Well it's not my fault! I can't help it if we don't have enough power-cells right now. Until the convoy shows up, we just have to cope with it." "What kind of dumb excuse is that, anyway?" Thalus asked as he looked at his friend. "One that'll keep the Prophets off our backs. So, hows that pulse pistol of yours? Is it still working?" Thalus unholstered his pistol and held it up to the small grunts face. "What does it look like?" Without warning, Chearner snatched the pulse pistol out of Thalus' hand and started

disassembling it. "What the hell are you doing?" Thalus yelled as Chearner took it apart. Thalus tried to snatch it out of the grunt's hands, but Chearner danced around and held the gun up to the sky. Suddenly, he stopped dancing and lowered the pistol. His eyes went wide with fear as he looked at the sky. Dropping the pistol, he turned and ran as fast as he could screaming "They're here! Run for your life!" Thalus watched Chearner run away with a confused look on his large face. He looked up at the sky. That's when he saw it. A large ball of fire. Getting bigger. Headed right for him. The last thing he had time to do was look at the fireball and say "Oh, shit!" The fireball slammed into Thalus, sending chunks of meat flying all over the outpost square.

Kalla, the veteran Jackel, looked through his micro-goggles and sighed. "Any sign of the convoy?" "None yet." Margid, the youngest jackel replied. "Do you think Thalus will get 'promoted' when the convoy arrives?" Waltozen murmured. "Fuck Thalus, he's a pussy!" Cerber, the so called "Bad-ass" jackel said. "What the fuck's your fuckin' problem?" Chirub, the wise-ass jackel, turned to him and said "Thalus and Cerber never got along too well." "Why?" "Ya see, Cerber and Thalus hated eachother since they met, so Cerber drugged his food-nipple. Except, Thalus used a different one and eventually found out." "Then what?" "As a twisted act of revenge, Thalus took a dump on Cerber's bed." "And that fuckin' bitch never fuckin' paid for it yet." Cerber yelled. "Settle down, Cerber. That's enough out of you." Kalla shouted. "We're here to watch for enemy activity, not reflect on past experiences! Now shut up!" "Hey! What's that?" one Jackel said as he pointed a finger to the sky. Chirub spun around and saw a ball of fire headed for the outpost. "COME ON! WE GOT COMPANY!"

John Berring stepped out of the landing pod. Luckily, there was still a cloud of smoke and dirt around him and the pod. 'I better hurry up. They're sure to have heard that.' he thought as he grabbed his pistol and delibrightly left his assault rifile. Running to one of the sides of the outpost, he hid behind some barrels and waited. "Here they come." he said as he heard the confused chatter of grunts getting closer and closer.

Chearner and five other grunts approached the strange craft. And where the hell was Thalus? "Thalus? Where are you Thalus?" Chearner said loudly. As he walked towards the pod, he stepped on something squeeshy. Looking down at the goo, he realized he found Thalus. "Hey! Come look at this!" yelled the grunt closest to the pod. Chearner and one other grunt waddled over to the pod and looked in as two others stayed behind and stared at the remains of Thalus. "What is that?" Meekly asked as Chearner pulled a human weapon out of the pod. The two grunts closest to him loomed over the strange human weapon. "What is it?" "I don't know."

Berring zoomed in with his pistol. 'That's it! Just a little closer.' he thought as he locked on to the head of the nearest grunt.

"I'll tell you one thing. That'll make one hell of a wall ornament.! Ha ha!" Meekly laughed. Suddenly, there was a gunshot. Chearner and the other grunt watched in horror as Meekly's head exploded into spraying chunks of bone and flesh. Chearner and the other grunt turned and ran as fast as their short, stumpy legs could carry them. As Chearner ran, he heard three more shots and saw the heads of the other three grunts explode into splinters of skull and blood. Chearner ran into the corridor and headed for the control room.

"Chearner, what's wrong?" said the black armored grunt. "RUN! THEY'RE HERE!" Chearner screamed as he ran past three other grunts and out the back door. Two grunts ran into the hallway to investigate. The black armored grunt heard a series of gunshots and saw the two in the hall get gunned down, their blood spraying all over the walls and floor. A grenade rolled into the room. "Holy shit!" the black armored grunt yelled just before the grenade went off. The explosion shook the outpost and destroyed the control room. Balop, the grunt in charge of security, looked at the monitor. "What the hell was going on? What's with all those gunshots? GUNSHOTS? Oh shit! There's an intruder!" he yelled. Chearner called him on his com-link. "Balop? Are you there?" "I'm here. What the hell's going on?" "We're under attack!" "By who? I don't see anything on my monitor!" "I'm telling you we're under attack!" "By who? I haven't seen any intru...AHHHH!" "Balop! Balop!" Chearner yelled as he ran to the security room. When he found Balop, he lowered the human weapon. Balop was sitting in his chair. His throat was cut. And his blood was running down his uniform and onto the floor. "Dammit, Balop." Chearner whispered as he looked at his dead best friend. As he looked at his friend's corpse, he heard a noise outside the door. Chearner turned towards the door and raised the human rifle. Suddenly, he heard a bang on the door. Pulling the trigger, he fired at the door and watched bullet holes appear. He held the trigger in until the clip was empty. A smile appeared on his face as he walked to the door. He knew he'd get a promotion for killing the human that slaughtered all the others. The door opened and Chearner stopped dead in his tracks. Fuck! That wasn't a human! That was Obleser! Holy fucking shit! He killed a fellow grunt! As he stared at the grunt he murdered, no, accidentally ended his life, he sensed a presence behind him. He spun around and saw him. A tall, muscleshaded human, leering at him. Chearner immediatly pointed the gun at the human and pulled the trigger. Then he realized it was out of ammo. The human slapped the gun from his hands and high-kicked him in the face. Chearner fell backwards and landed on his back. The last thing he saw before blacking out wasthe human calling someone. "This is Berring. I cleaned out the outpost. I got one grunt in captivity." _"Good. Take him to the gate and meet us there. Kalla out."_

2. Chapter 2 An Interrogation, Master Chei

Halo : War of Alligence

Disclaimer: I don't own Halo or the characters from the game. Just the characters you haven't heard of before in this story.

Author's note: Sorry this took so long to come out. But my computer crashed. Anyway, this chapter has a brutally graphic interrogation scene, abuse and graphic language. If you have a weak stomach, SKIP THIS ONE! If not, sit back, relax and enjoy the (very gory) show.

Chapter 2- An Interrogation, Master Cheif Style

Planet Halo

Current Time 12:54 a.m., Eastern Standard Time

Location (Former) Covenant Outpost 4173

Garrison 8 Jackels, 1 Grunt (in captivity), 1 Human Marine

Current Objectives Contact Human Army and wait for their arrival, interrogate prisoner.

John Berring stepped into the square as the gate opened, allowing the 8 jackels to enter. "Hey Kalla." "Greetings, John Berring. It's good to see you again." "Yeah, I know. It's good to see you again, too." "How did your entrance go?" "Really good. Resistance was very low." "Lave any alive?" "This one here." Berring said as he pushed Chearner to the ground with his foot. Chearner landed on his stomach and let out an "Ouff". "I see you captured our grunt mechanic." "Does he have a name?" "Yes, I do." Chearner said as he climbed to his feet. "My name is Chearner Ougrid the III, and all of you are going to hell, you traitorous bastards!" "SHUT UP!" Berring yelled as he punched Chearner in the face, busting his lip." The grunt landed on his back and groaned. Berring turned to Kalla. "You guys wanna watch, or do ya have other things to do?" "We have to make your attack look convincing. So we're gonna send a fake distress signal to the convoy, tell 'em we were under attack." "Ok." Kalla and the other Jackels started walking away. "And Berring," Kalla turned to the marine. "Try not to kill him. We don't need another prisoner dying from internal wounds before we question him." "No, we do not." Berring said as he cracked his knuckles and gave Chearner a fake smile. "Looks like it's just you and me, buddy." "I'm not your buddy, you prick!" Berring frowned and kicked Chearner in the ribs. "It's not nice to curse at someone who wants to be your friend." "You'll have to beat me senseless and brainwash me before I become your friend." "Well, you're right about one thing." Berring said as he looked at the lone survivor of his massacre a few minutes ago. With that, Berring bent over and punched Chearner hard in the face, busting his lower lip and spilling some of his cyan blood. Picking him up by the neck, Berring threw the hardest punch he'd ever throw, right in Chearner's stomach. Chearner gave a pain-filled yelp as he felt the human's fist sink into his gut. Berring let go of Chearner's neck and let him drop to the ground. Chearner gasped for air as he held his hands to his throat. "What's the matter? Can't catch your breath?" "Bite me, you human pig!" Berring sneered at the grunt and punched him in the face, bruising his cheekbone. Chearner fell on his back and saw Berring raise his boot in the air. Seeing the grunt's eyes go wide, Bering slammed his foot down on Chearner's ribcage, breaking several ribs. Chearner screamed in severe pain as he felt the bones in his body crack apart. Berring raised his foot off of Chearner and crouched next to him. "Be honest, how much pain are ya in?" Chearner just looked at the sky and groaned in agony. "Well, I hate to bust your bubble, but that's not the worst of it." Chearner looked at the human that just beat him. "It's not?" "Nope. When my friend gets here, I'm gonna soften you up for him. And I know you'll won't lie to him if you want to live." Berring said as he drew his pistol. "Wh..who is he? Who's your friend?" "Just a guy named Master Cheif." Berring told him before smacking the butt of his gun on Chearner's head.

13 hours later...

Berring, Kalla and the seven other jackles watched the human dropship land in the square of the outpost. When it was on the ground, a tall, middle-aged man stepped off. A small dust cloud formed around his feet as they came in contact with the ground. "General Sanders, sir!" Berring saluted. "As you were, soldier. Where are these jackles you told me about?" "Greetings, general. My name is Kalla and these are

seven of my fellow jackles that have joined you in your fight against the Covenant." "Eight out of how many?" "Our entire species, sir." "Good. Berring." "Sir?" "Where's this grunt you captured?" "He's in containment now, sir." "Good. Soften him up. I have a friend who wants to talk to him." Sanders said, turning to the dropship as a man with bright green armor climbed off.

Chearner struggled with his wrist restraints. He was in deep shit now. Not only was he betrayed by the jackles of the outpost, some he trusted with his life, but a human slaughtered everyone else there. And to make matters worse, the Demon was there too, just waiting to talk to him. But the one thing that bothered him the most that human said he was going to "soften him up", whatever the hell that meant. His ribs still hurt like hell and he was starting to worry about his lip. It hadn't stopped bleeding since it was torn open. 'I'll be fucked if a fucking vain was busted.' Giving a frustrated growl, Chearner let his head hit the wall. "Damn cuffs! Why the hell do I get this shit?" The door unlocked and slid open. That human, Berring, was behind it. "Here to soften you up, buck-oh." "Ah, shit!" Chearner said as the door closed and locked itself. "Again with the language. I told you, mother-fucker, watch your fucking language!" Berring yelled as he slammed his steel toe boot into Chearner's leg. Chearner yelled as some blood dribbled out of the small gash in his leg. "You fucking cocksucker! You fucking piece of dick-licking shit!" SHUT THE FUCK UP, DICKSHIT!" Berring yelled as he swung a punch at Chearner's face. Chearner's head banged against the wall and shot back at Berring's face, bruising his forehead. Berring felt the lump on his forehead and did the most sadistic thing he'd ever do. He grabbed Chearner by the throat, lifted him in the air and sank his fingers into Chearner's skull. With an evil smile, he started pulling Chearner's right eye out of its socket. Seeing the veins and nerve endings slowly rip away from the eye, Berring smirked. Chearner screamed and screamed as he slowly lost sight in his eye. The pain was unimaginable. Slowly and painfully, that eye was tearing away from his head. Blood and dead nerves oozed down Chearner's face. "That'll make quite a souviner." Berring said as he dropped Chearner. The grunt fell to the floor with a dull thud and bounced off about an inch. The door opened and another human walked in. "Cheif wants to talk to him now." "Ok." Berring turned to Chearner as he walked out. "I'll see you later, Chearner." As Berring walked out, Chearner's eyes went wide when he heard a familiar sound. The sound of metallic footsteps. Heading in his direction.

So, how was it? Graphic enough? Not graphic enough? Let me know. And I'm open to suggestions for the next chapter. Anyway, I hope you enjoyed reading this as much as I enjoyed writing it. And rememberIf you can't beat em, rip their eye out!

End
file.